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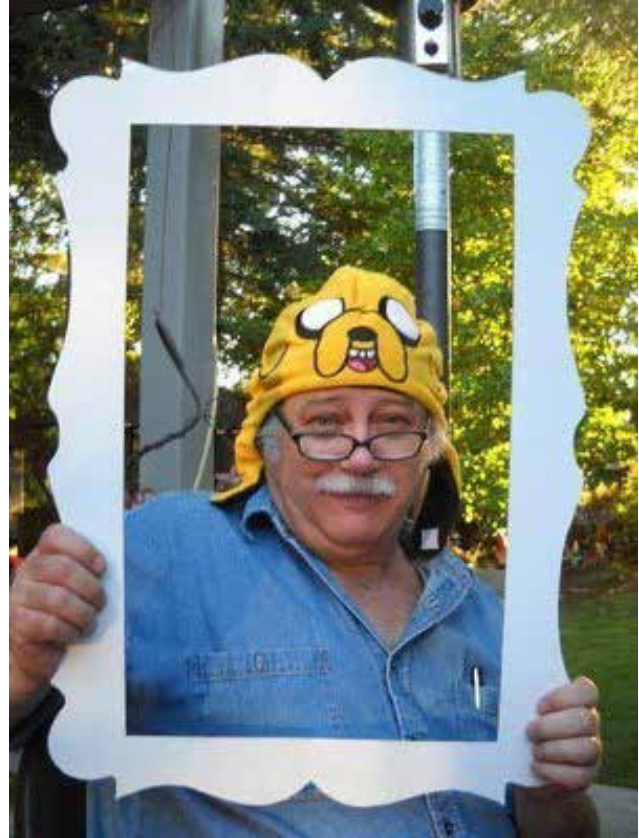
"Friends of Anthrocon" artwork for our hotels and partners by Mary "Moth Monarch" Capaldi! Find them at table D16 or see more in the art show!

Cover by Moth Monarch. Layout by Ysera She'nai.

Guests of Honor

Steve Gallaci always had a passion for art and illustration as a small child; however, it is in 1974 while serving in the U.S. Air Force as a Graphics Specialist that he developed his professional experience with illustration and found interest in the science-fiction fandom. By 1978, Steve was creating fanzines and laying the foundation for Albedo Anthropomorphics which is cited as one of the greatest inspirations of what would become the foundation of furry fandom.

Steve Gallacci is also known for his illustrations with the retro sci-fi adventure comic Fusion, Elin Winkler's Tales of the Fehnnik, and short bits for Ken Fletcher's Spontoon fanzine. Steve also works with custom modeling, creating object in various mediums such as wood and metal.



Four-time EVO champion and winner of the 2018 Best eSports Player award, **Dominique “SonicFox” McLean** is part of team Echo Fox, and is well known for competing while in fursuit and displaying a carefree attitude at tournaments. He is also known within the professional gaming world for his versatility to pick up a new game or character and master it for professional play quickly.

It was at the age of 3, through the influence of his older brother, that SonicFox first became interested in fighting games. Since the age of 13, he has found success in fighting games such as Injustice: Gods Among Us and Dragon Ball FighterZ. Most humbly in his Best eSports Player acceptance speech at the 2018 Games Awards, SonicFox said he “never did it for the fame,” that he’s “done all this just to make new friends and bonds in the community.”

In his 30 years of voice acting experience, **Ben Diskin** has voiced a multitude of characters in anime, western animation, video games, and more.

In anime, he's known for the roles of Joseph Joestar in "JoJo's Bizarre Adventure: Battle Tendency," Sai in "Naruto Shippuden," Ban in "The Seven Deadly Sins," Death Gun in "Sword Art Online," Shoutmon and Cutemon in "Digimon Fusion," and many others.

In western animation, he starred as Numbuh 1 and Numbuh 2 in "Codename: Kids Next Door," Eddie Brock/Venom in "The Spectacular Spider-Man," Boris Badenov in "The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle," and Baby Gonzo in the 2018 remake of "Muppet Babies."

He's been doing video game voice over since the early days of the PlayStation 2. He was Eric Sparrow in "Tony Hawk's Underground," Young Master Xehanort in the "Kingdom Hearts" franchise, Daichi Shijima in "Devil Survivor 2: Record Breaker," Jakob, Saizo, Hayato, and Matthew in "Fire Emblem: Fates" and "Fire Emblem: Heroes," Rokurou in "Tales of Berseria," Sig and Lemres in "Puyo Puyo Tetris," and Mega Man in "Mega Man 11."

His most notable FURRY role is Haida in Sanrio's "Aggretsuko" and, real talk, he knows that's the only reason you'd want to meet him and he's totally cool with that. In fact, he's sitting in front of his computer right now, thinking,



"Okay, I have no idea why I'm writing this bio. Let's face it, the only reason I got invited was because of Haida. I know it; they know it; why beat around the bush? I mean, ain't no one here to see the voice of Humphrey from the 'Alpha and Omega' sequels or Valefor from 'Magi: Adventure of Sinbad.' Although, I guess I should write those down somewhere just in case and waaaaaaait a minute...! I just did! Wow, good job, Me!"

He also writes terrible bios for convention appearances and clearly can't be trusted to tie his own shoes, let alone self-promote. ... Come say hi!!



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Some Enchanted Evening

Julian Byndø

Foxx surveyed the swimming pool area around him and felt proud of his work, even if he did say so himself. The fourteen-year old red fox had been in charge of planning, creating and setting up the look and design of Rex Harrington's luau-themed pool party just before they headed back to school to start grade eight.

He was surprised that the class 'silver spoon' would hire him to design and decorate the lavish pool area at his palatial home; plus invite him along with their entire grade seven homeroom class to an end-of-summer/back-to-school party, considering that he practically ignored him for most of the school year.

Nevertheless, Rex said he was impressed on how he supervised the set design in art class for the school's production of *Hamilton* last spring, that he was the lead star in; and texted him in July to set

up the party. He'd even given him a reasonable budget to cover the costs and hired his best friend – and secret crush – Vixen, to help him out and was invited to the party too.

Yeah, that would be worth it, Foxx thought, wanting to see her wearing a swimsuit. As a loner he didn't have many other friends, what with him being the archetypical shy and artistic type. Having to deal with his parents' very bitter divorce six years ago with his absentee mother gone out of his and his dad's lives, including adolescence; was hard enough.

"Looking good there, Foxx!" said Rex, coming out through the patio deck with a box of plastic lei necklaces. The badger looked at the pool area and the working lava lamps that surrounded his turntable set, as he was also the party's DJ. "This place would put Maui to shame."

"Thanks, Rex," Foxx said,

blushing a little since he wasn't used to such high praise. "It...was nothing."

"Nothing?? You call three weeks of work, plus designing the party e-invite with the clever term BYOB – Bring Your Own Bathing suit – *nothing*? You got real talent, dude, seriously! I've seen your comics, man."

Tell that to my old man, he thought downheartedly, but kept that to himself. He almost had to fight with his dad to let him go to the pool party, since he hardly was invited to any of the middle school parties that seemed to pass him by, like he was invisible. Other than Vixen, who also was in his art class; he usually kept to himself and was happy just to work alone on his monthly online comics he created in his bedroom every weekend to post on his website.

Rex checked his cellphone for the time. It read four thirty and saw the early evening sky had turned slightly pink. "Well, the party starts at five thirty. Better grab a bite first before the guests arrive, set the refreshments and then slip into our trunks and wait for them to come," he said as they walked back into the house, giving a hearty slap on the young vulpine's back.

Vixen clutched her duffel bag that held her swimsuit, towel and toiletries as her mother drove her to Rex's house a little nervously. When Foxx texted her about helping out with the party decorations last month, and later received the party e-invite on her cell; the swift fox felt excited and sick to her stomach at the same time.

Deep down, she thought Foxx was cute since the fourth grade. She even noticed during the summer how he had a growth spurt and now went past her eyes in height, but never really asked him how *he* felt about her. She boldly thought about



asking him to go to a couple of school dances with her last school year, but she knew that Foxx's dad kept a protective leash on him and wouldn't let him go in any case.

She'd never know what it was like to have a father around, since her attorney mom wasn't too forthcoming about how she became a single parent. However, she was very nurturing and loving and did all right in raising her daughter all by herself, although she could be a bit overbearing on why she wasn't as pretty or popular as she was when she was fourteen and not into jurisprudence, all the while Vixen really wanted to be an architect.

The brunette vixen saw her reflection in the side mirror. She wore glasses, had braces on her teeth since she was eleven, felt very plain-looking and a bit on the flat side. Mom had told her not to worry, that she'll "glo-up" soon enough, get tall and curvy all over and have those braces removed and contacts in when she turned sixteen, like she did. *You're just one of those late bloomers, honey*, she had said.

Sixteen??? Vixen thought, horrified that she'll have to wait that long. *That's forever!!*

"Got everything, Vix?" her mother asked her, as she approached the driveway where the kids were already heading toward Rex's backyard. "Got your phone all charged up and stuff?"

"Uh-huh," she nodded, checking her cell to see if Foxx had texted her, but he hadn't. "The party should end around ten, will call you then to pick me up."

"Great! And ready to get the guys hot and bothered?..."

"Mother..." the teen groaned, rolling her eyes at her mom's little sly smirk. They had been shopping for a swimsuit for the occasion last weekend after Mom insisted that no daughter of hers was going to go to her first teenaged pool party in *that* old blue one-piece that was as dull as dishwater. And Vixen wasn't impressed with the choices her mother pointed out that were either too flashy or too revealing, like that red

bandeau number with the double-strapped matching French-cut bikini bottom. Finally they settled on one they both liked and was more appropriate for the party and its theme.

"All right, I've embarrassed you enough for tonight," her mother chuckled. "Be safe and have fun, okay, honey?"

"Okay. Bye, Mom. Later," she said while her mom leaned over and pecked her on the cheek, as Vixen got out of the car and closed the door afterwards. Making her way to the pool, she still was uncertain about going to this party and the swimsuit that she was now having second thoughts about wearing. *I really hope he'll like me in it*, she thought.

The pool area really did look great. It was all festooned in papier-mâché palm trees, Polynesian statuette carvings, the balloon rainbow half-arching over the pool, the tropical floral patio lanterns glowed and lit bamboo torches illuminated the

night as the kids swam, partied and danced to Rex's mixes of new-school and old-school tunes at the turntable set.

Everyone was having fun... except Foxx.

He felt like the odd one out, despite that he had on a festive pair of tropical print swim shorts like almost everyone else did. It seemed nobody else really noticed the party décor, so Foxx stood around the refreshment table nibbling on Hawaiian pizza and downing a couple tumblers of punch. He was the wallflower here and it showed. He wanted to ask one of the girls to dance, but shyness got the better of him and his courage quickly dissipated. *I never did have luck in the social department, he morosely thought. Why'd I even come to this stupid party?*

He had just turned his head and saw this canine girl rise up from the pool and clamber onto the deck. She wore a purple hibiscus print tankini top that bared a little torso and a black bikini bottom that complimented her lovely figure, shimmering wet in the torches' firelight.



Towelings herself off, Foxx noticed she had these unbelievably shapely legs – which looked oddly familiar – and seriously stirred up his senses but couldn't place her face, until she looked up after rubbing her hair damp and said with a smile: "Hey, Foxx!"

He snapped out of his ogling revelry. "Huh?"

She slowly trotted towards the table and came up to him, making him nervous for some reason but he still didn't recognize her. "Foxx, it's me..." she smiled again, showing off her braces this time. "Vixen."

"V-V-Vixen??..." he stammered. Foxx couldn't believe his eyes that his best friend could look this good in a swimsuit.

"Uh-huh, in the flesh," she giggled, as she twisted her paws upside-down, making goggles for her eyes with her thumbs and second fingers mimicking her customary spectacles. "A girl sure looks different without the glasses and ponytail, huh?"

"Uh, yeah. Umm...nice swimsuit, Vix," he managed to muster up. *Oh, yeah. That was a smooth opening there, genius.*

"Thanks," she replied, but felt tingly inside. They walked a little

back to her duffle bag before Vixen started talking again. "So, enjoying the party?"

"It's....it's okay. Looks kind of good."

"Oh come now, we did a great job here, partner! Everything looks great, including these Tiki god statues we worked on," Vixen said, as they stopped by the four statuettes and tapped the second one on top of its head. "My favorite is this one."

Foxx grinned a little. "Yeah," he said, feeling a bit confident now and proud of his work, as much as her appreciation for it. "You really are a good artist, Foxx," she complimented. "Maybe you could be a stage or movie set designer one day."

"Thanks. I...I think I'd rather be a cartoonist," he blushed. *Oh, lordy...please don't let me puke in front of her now...*

Awww...he's even cuter and redder when he blushes...

A slow song started up. "So," the swift fox asked, "want to dance?"

"I...don't know," he said tentatively, "I'm...not really good at dancing, Vix."

"Hey, I can help," she said, taking Foxx's right paw. Gently placing it on her hip and clasping his other paw into her own, she looked up

at him with her auburn eyes boring through him that increased his heart rate. "Just follow my lead."

"O-o-okay," Foxx mumbled, watching her feet do a basic dance pattern, slightly dragging him with her until he finally got the rhythm, making his nervousness around her disappear. The night air was warm and with the dimmed lighting, the evening cast its spell on the dancing crowd including the two young foxes.

Rex played two more slow numbers in a row and before Foxx knew it, Vixen already had her head resting on his shoulder and holding him closer. Feeling a rush of anxiety overcoming him, he wondered if he should break away from her popped into his mind. Hearing Vixen let out a small, contented sigh and seeing her eyes were half-closed, he decided to go along with it. And besides, he really liked it as much as she did.

When the party ended at ten, Foxx and Vixen were waiting for their respective rides. A calm silence hung over them until he asked her, "So... see you here tomorrow morning for the cleanup?"

"For sure, Foxx," Vixen smiled. "Want to go for ice cream after we're done?"

"Sure, sounds like fun," he replied, giving a little smile back. Knowing they were standing close together, Vixen rose up on her toes and tilted her head to his mouth, her lips beckoning. Foxx felt the same feeling as well and he too moved his muzzle to greet her mouth...

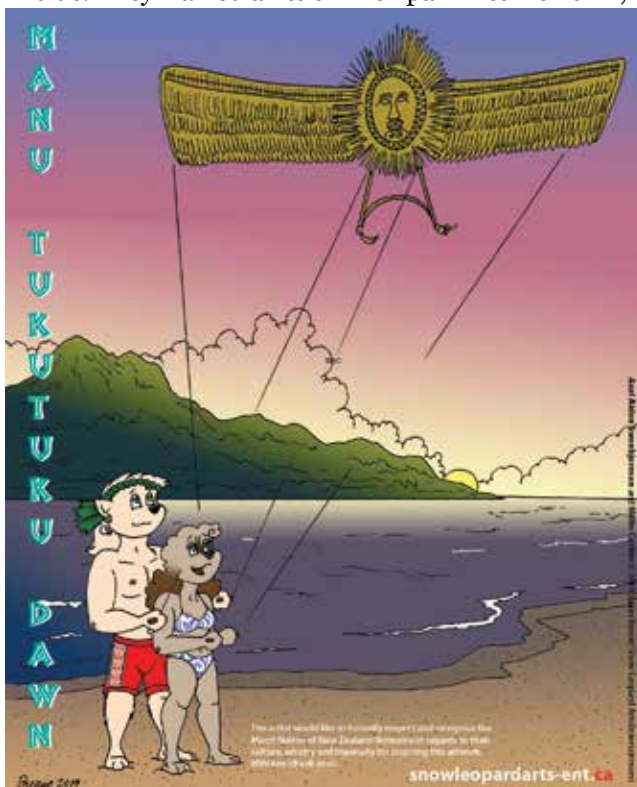
HONK! HONK!

His father's truck had just rolled up, knowing that it was time for him to go. "It's my dad," Foxx sighed, backing off from her now. "Text you later, Vix. 'Night."

"Later," she said, as he walked toward the truck and got in. Waving goodbye as they drove off, he couldn't help feeling disappointed in having his first kiss interrupted like that.

"So how'd it go, son?" his father asked.

"It...was some enchanted evening, Dad." *Some other time, man. Some other time...*



Burning Waters

Fere N. Ermelis

**Morning of August 25th, 1883
– just outside the village of Sumur, western Java, Indonesia**

The young explorer Francis Brushton-Foxworthy was left stood in a Norfolk jacket and his woolen breeches on the rickety jetty, tail caressed by the warm eastern currents.

“Paws alive, this is very different to Venice!”

Indeed it was! His home Earth in London – with warm mud walls, worms on demand and, most importantly, his heavily pregnant mate - felt like it was a million miles away too; but he wasn't about to let that stop him “growin’ a tail” as his father put it. With the smell of his dad’s insistence in his nose, Francis padded down onto the beach to explore. The weather was warm, the smells of stagnant seaweed, hot

sand and typhoon-swept palm leaves overloading his keen senses. The Junkung captain would be back in about seven days to pick him up. He had very little time to look around and, as his inimitable patriarch said “boy, you need to bring Vulpic civility to those savage tails”.

Paws above, dad, really?!

Francis just wanted to meet them, experience a different culture and perhaps pick up a trinket or two along the way.

The beach was empty, left open to the sky and the swash of the Sunda Strait; but now Francis laid his eyes and nose on a shack in the undergrowth that made him wonder whether he was truly alone out here. He approached it cautiously, sniffing at its primitive interior as he stuck his head through the makeshift door. It smelled so familiar. It was out of

the sun, cool and content with the very basics, trinkets of porcelain, glass and metal decorating the woven-reed walls. He thought of padding in and perhaps nabbing these abandoned treasures of shipwrecks long past, but there was something otherworldly about this whole set-up.

Something or someone seemed to surround him. Someone was watching him.

He spun on his footpaws as if to catch that someone spying; but there was no one there.

“Over here, my friend!”

The voice came from nowhere. It was only as he peered over the rocks and down to the shore that he noticed someone relaxing on what looked like an old wooden crate. They were smoking or drinking something... he couldn't quite make



The artist would like to formally respect and recognize the Native Hawaiian Nation in regards to their culture, artistry and identity for inspiring this artwork. Mahalo (thank you).

it out.

"Don't keep me in suspense, boy. Come meet me... know me better."

Francis gingerly made his way down to the fox's side, out in the sunshine. He was the young sort, probably in his thirties with large, black-lined ears, a thin muzzle and deeply maroon fur down to a long tail with a tip like charred meat... and all this bare to the sun, where a pair of tan shorts and his tatty beige shirt didn't reach.

"And you are?"

"Francis. Francis Brushton-Foxworthy. Explorer."

"Wow, that's a mawful!"

The fox giggled, looking sideward at his company, a sly smile coursing his muzzle, paused from supping on something that smelled like coffee. The boxes he sat on were broken and splintered, imprinted with black letters that read 'V.O.C'.

"I'm Rubah. Rubah Api... professional time-waster." And out came a paw, Francis shaking nervously.

"Can I offer you a snack, Francis? Worm, perhaps?"

"No uh... no thank you."

"Coconut shavings?"

"Uh, no thanks."

"Cacao bean?"

"Uh gosh I..." Francis had to be brave at some point, "Sure, I guess."

Rubah rummaged in an earthenware pot nestled in the sand at his footpaws to delicately pinch a single bean between the sharp claws on his left paw, before handing it to his new charge. Francis took it and nibbled nervously.

"Bleh!"

"Hahahahaha! A little bitter for you, Fran?"

"You could say that!" He spat out the fragments of shell and grainy kernel.

"Heh, where you stayin', friend?"

"I uh... I don't know. I was going to trek up to the village and..."

"Heh, I wouldn't do that if I were you... not now you've met me."

"Why?"

"Oh, paws alive, here we go!"

Rubah put his porcelain cup down, and looked up at the youngster, "You here for stories, boy?"

"Not really, I..."

"Good! Then I'll keep it short." Rubah sat up, his tail swishing around as he did so, the box creaking beneath his weight; and now he was sat staring up at Francis, "I was cursed to be one of the Hudoq by Inari. He cast me to the ocean,

all because I tricked a farmer into a swamp at night so I could steal his chickens. Soooo lame!"

He got up, emoting with his paws as he did so, protesting his innocence in the only way a trickster fox knew.

"Blah blah blah, anyway... I washed ashore here and made myself at home. But the locals though, sheesh! They chase me... constantly."

"Why ever do they do that?"

"Fear, my dear boy. No one dares converse with me for fear they'll be... cursed. Wooooooo! Heheheh!"

His laughter died slowly as he desperately tried to take himself seriously.

"I'm just trying to make-up for my wrongs. But my anger does get the better of me. When I was first cursed, I had a halo of fire over my head. It slipped to my paws and hocks to become north, south, east and west when I allowed Tambura to erupt in eighteen-fifteen." He padded closer, "See? It singses my fur from time to time."

Francis beheld a close-up of the fox's red-black wrists, encircled by the finest lithium-like fire. They were just like the ones around his hocks, a twisted flame surrounding them like cuffs.



“Eighteen-fifteen?” He murmured, still gazing at Rubah’s ‘chains’, “But... you look so young.”

“Heh, looks are deceiving, my dear fox.” He grinned slyly, “Listen... I know you had your eyes and nose on what I have here. Let me show you where to find the best of it.”

Rubah led the way down the beach, Francis noticing that in every pad of his black-red footpaws the sand would turn to glass. He was an enigma; but what he had to show him was stunning! He barely had to wade a foot into the warm waters before he was pulling porcelain cups, clasps and trinkets from the surf.

“Dutch East India Company ships used to sail past here.” Rubah murmured, handing over a blue-white tea cup, “But some wrecked, and their cargo litters this whole beach and the shallows. I know this is what you’re after.”

Needless to say, Francis spent the whole day examining his finds, carefully washing them off and

looking at their markings through a silver loupe; and all whilst Rubah sat and watched, sipping on his seemingly never-ending cup of coffee. The archaeology aside, the resident fox was always sure to cast an eye over to the volcano Krakatoa. It was almost as if he were talking to her.

Smoked fish, dried insects and sweet leaves were the pair's snacks as the sun crossed the sky, the darkness of dusk still not dampening the spirit, especially since Rubah seemed to have his very own 'night lights'. The fire on his paws had seemed to grow much wilder throughout the day, Francis remarking on it only as Rubah became distracted and silent. He'd got to his footpaws and gone to the shore as the sun faded – must've been about seven o'clock; and now he was conversing across the waters to Krakatoa.

"Calm yourself!" He murmured, paws outstretched as if to soothe.

And he waited for a ‘reply’,

before speaking as if to defend himself.

“No but... hey now, wait a paws-damned minute, I...”

He was actually arguing with
a volcano!

“OK alright, that was me.
Yes, and that!”

Another pause struck as if he were listening.

“Alright, and that too and... hey, there’s no need to rub salt into my tail! I get the picture, but you mustn’t... you can’t be serious?!”

Rubah's muzzle fell, the colour draining from his fur.

"You need to leave." He muttered without even turning to look at Francis.

“Wait, what?! I can’t. They won’t be back for another week.”

“They’ll be here. Go to the jetty at midnight, and they’ll be there.”

“How do you know all this?”

"I... I just do." He turned to glare at him with a simpering smile, "You believe in ghosts, Francis?"



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"Uh, not really."

Rubah just grinned and his eyes glowed red, like the flames from two phosphorous matches caught in miniature drinking glasses.

"Remember... midnight, my friend."

Midnight on August 26th, 1883...

Sure enough, a Jukung was there to take him out to open water; but Francis was just as eager to bring Rubah with him as he was to find out how they knew to fetch him. Luckily, one of the crew knew broken English; but would only want his complicity in a swift exit, later revealing that they had received a sign from a spirit fox "coated in fire" who'd told them to be at the jetty.

"You have family, sir?"

"Yes, yes I do. My mate is pregnant." Francis answered pensively, "But what about Rubah Api? You're just going to leave him to die?"

"Please. Rest."

"You're not listening to me! We can't leave without him!"

The older oarsfox muttered something, a guttural disagreement that had his motheaten tail batting angrily; and that waft of musk made Francis obey.

"What did he say?" He murmured sheepishly, paws cupped in his lap.

"He say... devil fox touch you. No let him here."

And that was the last he saw of the beach and of the endless trail of cracked porcelain, seashells and palm leaves. Francis had no say. It was either go with these rag-tag locals, or forever be abandoned in the East.

They sailed from the strait towards a freighter, the SS Paws For Thought, where Francis clambered aboard up the rope ladder, full rucksack on his back and his tail trailing, heavy with salt and sad musk.

"You didn't have any friends on Java, did you?" The captain murmured nervously as he stared through binoculars at the islands they were leaving behind.

"I did actually." Francis turned and saw the eruptions light the sky, huge clouds of ash filling the air. His heart sank and his tail drooped instantly.

He padded out to the deck, tears brimming in his eyes as his muzzle was crossed by the unbelievable fire and fury. Watching the hot lava hit the water was simultaneously amazing as it was frightening.

Francis bounded back inside as the captain put the footpaw to the pedal and steamed them away as fast as the engines could manage.

Late evening of December 31st, 1927 - Jamaica Wine House, St Michael's Alley, City of London

We skip forward and bring you to Francis sat at his favourite haunt, surrounded by caramel panels, greens and the darkness that foxes were used to the world over.

By now, he was retired, having not only made it back from Indonesia in one piece, but also having made his money in stocks - cacao and glass, you see! The "Magnificent Brushton-Foxworthy Moon and Sun

window for Earths of all sizes", had been a huge success.

Francis was reading a newspaper and drinking his favourite oak-leaf and almond coffee when one of the many small articles on the front page of the Daily Tail caught his nose. Another island, Anak Krakatoa, had emerged from the same caldera in the Sunda Strait but two days earlier.

"Tremendous, what?!" Another club member came padding over, paws about a whisky tumbler.

"Um, yes... indeed so." He iterated intently, a pang of guilt hitting him.

"You ventured that far out?"

"Yes, I... I knew someone out there."

"Are they well?"

Francis paused, his heart skipping a beat. He squinted at the photo and, with a closer look, he could make out someone sat on the beach... distinctly cultrate ears, relaxed footpaws and porcelain cup in-paw.

"I do believe they are." He murmured happily.



Just You and Me

Fere N. Ermelis

He'd been in with Dr. Aubrey Skarl for at least an hour... and his father was pacing up and down in the waiting room with a permanent scowl on his muzzle.

"For paws' sake, Kit, would you sit your tail down for just one second?!"

"I don't like it, love." He muttered, shaking his head and giving off a scent from his tail that said nothing more than impatience and intolerance.

"Uh huh..." Jillian started, flicking through her magazine with a nonchalant exhaustion that came from hearing her mate's extremely unsocial sentiments twenty-four/seven, "...well if you'd let the poor boy spend some time with his friends - the ones that he wants to hang out with, not the ones you've 'pre-approved' - then he wouldn't 'ave run away and he sure as shoot wouldn't be in there now talkin' to a shrink!"

"I just don't want him han-

gin' around with..." And Kit paused, cos' he noticed the young wolf arriving for his shift as intern at the reception desk; and their eyes met with a shared, awkward exchange of smiles, "Never mind."

He slumped to a sulk next to his long-suffering mate, his dark, musky tail draped over the right pawrest. Kit was yielding his patriarchal authority over his cub and even his mate, paws forbid! And he hated it! He grew up in an Earth where the dog fox was supreme, and the cubs and vixens obeyed every word and wag; but the world had changed, and his young cub, Pax, was nearly eighteen and his rebellion had peaked. Paws alive, he didn't want to think of him living above ground, exposing his beautiful pelt to the sun and the musks of those that were grey.

"Tell me about your friend at

school. This special friend."

Pax paused, sitting up slightly on the therapist's couch, his ears pinning and his muzzle blushing pink.

"You... you won't tell anyone, will you?"

"This is just between you and me, young fox."

"OK, well... his name was Dean. Man, he was so beautiful. But my dad, you see... he found out about me hangin' around with him and told me I wasn't ever to do such a thing."

"Was Dean a bad influence on you, Pax?"

"No!" The youngster was pretty insistent, to the point of nearly bursting into tears, "I... I just wanted a friend and I... I'm tired of living underground."

"In your home Earth, you mean?"

"Yeah, I'm... I want to go out into the moonlight and the sunshine. Just like Dean and his cool family."



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"Is that why you ran away?"

Pax sighed and closed his eyes, pulling his tail up from dangling over the couch's edge to hold it nervously in his paws like a sentient comfort blanket.

"No." He murmured in a sulk.

"So why exactly did you run away, Pax?"

"I wanted what Dean had." He huffed impatiently, "He lived above ground and dreamed of goin' on cruise ships and at sea, cos' his dad was a Lupic Navy captain. But he lost his father when his ship went down on patrol. Dean said they never found him."

"So, you comforted him when he was sad?"

"Absolutely. He recovered real well from it, pro'ly cos' o' his hobbies... building model ships. Silver and grey ones. He painted one with our names on it, and said we should sail away together one day, cos' it was what his dad would've wanted."

"What did your family make of that?"

"My mum's always been supportive, but my dad..." And he paused with closed eyes and a sorrow-damp twitch to his tail, "My dad has always wanted me to be a digger or an earth builder, remain in the Vulpic lands to tunnel and build bigger and better homes for foxes. Or something like that anyway. I get fed up of hearing it. He never lets me do what I want to do."

"You hate your dad for that?"

"I... I guess so. I don't want to. I... just... I just wanted to be away from him for a while, s'all."

The doc was making notes as Pax poured his heart out, that young muzzle trained to the ceiling, tears starting to roll down his red-furred cheeks.

"You model-build yourself?"

"Yeah, but I have to keep everything secret." Pax sighed and shrugged, "Last time dad found a ship I'd built, he stamped on it and threw it in the bin, tellin' me that I wasn't to ever think of going to sea, let alone with another male of a 'grey persuasion'."

"Did he tell you why he did that?"

"He just said, as a fox, my duty was to the 'subterranean', to the land and to a vixen when the time came."

"So, the pier – where the police found you – it reminds you of the wolf you want to be friends with?"

"That's right. I don't want the soil and grit in my fur. I want it to be sand and saltwater and seaweed and bits of shells and..." Pax's voice started breaking, "I guess none of it's worth thinkin' about cos' I'll never get to do it."

"Everything's possible, young fox. This wolf you knew seems to have been the catalyst to a lifelong

love of what's out there in the oceans. But would meeting him again make you want to run away a second time, Pax?"

"Well, no, I guess not... as long as my da' will gimme a break and let me do what I want with who I want. I'm not a cub anymore!"

"Legally, you are still a cub, Pax, and..."

"... foxes aren't permitted to sail on the oceans without the King's pawprint and scent, some kinda' off-land form or somethin'... yes, I've heard it all before!" Pax got up and sat with a growl on the edge of the couch, paws either side of himself and his head hung, "You sound like my dad! Paws alive, I'd rather just



sail out to sea and never go home... I love the light. I don't want to go to ground again."

The doc paused.

"Well, what I'm going to do is ask you to relax and close your eyes. Lie back, there's a good cub." He guided Pax back to the comfort of the lounge.

The youngster huffed and puffed but obeyed.

"Now, let your tail sit still, let it flop comfortably... and imagine going to a place where you feel safe and happy. Tell me, Pax... where are

you?"

Initially he just sighed, an impatience borne of having been here and done it with the doc many times before; but today, it was clearer for some reason.

"I... it's a... I mean, I'm on a tropical island out in the ocean somewhere. It's real quiet."

"OK good. Are you alone, Pax?"

"I'm not su... wait, no, I... there is someone else. Someone's callin' me over."

"OK, well, pad closer... what

do they look like?"

"He's smart and has a dressed tail, his shorts have an emblem on them – it's my school emblem... Cherry Earth Reds. That's the house me and Dean were in at school. Oh and... there's a surfboard. He's a surfer. His fur is wet and... wow, it's so beautifully silver and grey and... I can feel the sand between my pads and the water on my tail."

His maw suddenly dropped and started to tremble.

"He's s... so... so... I... lonely."

Aubrey could see Pax was

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starting to cry, so he leant over and snapped his fingers to bring the young fox out of the trance.

"It's OK, mate, you're back with me now." He murmured with a smile, "Our time is at an end for today, but what I'm going to do is write you a prescription for a low wag and dulled scent. But I encourage you to talk about your feelings instead of letting your tail droop so badly, OK?"

"All right." Pax murmured sadly, staring into space with his tail still hangin' lifelessly over the edge of the couch.

It had been an abrupt end to the session, but he'd enjoyed seeing his crush at least once more, even if it had been in a dream. He padded out into the reception, back to his mother and father who both got to their footpaws as they saw him emerge.

But even before either spoke, his nose hit on something; and sure enough, over by the reception desk, sorting documents and fiddling with the photocopier was a very familiar tail.

"Dean??"

The young wolf turned to follow the sound, his thick, velvety triangle ears following suit, nose snuffling to pick up an unfettered happiness.

"Pax? Oh, paws above, I haven't seen you in months! How are ya', dude?"

"I'm uh... I'm good." Pax's white under-muzzle blushed, his footpaws pigeoning shyly.

"Awesome, I uh... I was wonderin' if I'd made a bad impression on you or somethin'. I didn't think... well I guessed you didn't like me."

"No I... I..." And it was then that Pax noticed his father scowling at him from across the reception area, paw on the door handle and ready to leave. His scent said as much. Foxes never had to speak. It was all in the wag of the tail.

"I'm sorry I was so distant n' stuff. S'just that my dad wouldn't let me come over or hang out."

"Oh uh... god, I... I didn't want to cause trouble."

"Oh no no, you didn't. It's me... it's totally me."

There was a nervous pause

as they were stuck smiling at each other, ears pinned in shyness and not sure what to say or do.

"Well heh... I uh, I'm glad I saw you today." Dean coughed to compose himself and handed Pax his prescription slip.

"Me too." The fox murred, clasping his paper whilst his eyes never met Dean's for fear of blushing more.

He turned tail with his mum and headed for the door, leaving a trail of mixed-up scent in his wake... nerves, excitement and sadness.

"Hey Pax! Wait!"

The young vulp turned back. He'd secretly hoped to be stopped. Dean had come 'round the counter, his tail wagging at a high hover.

"Well, s'just that we're going on a cruise for a couple o' weeks. Wanna' come with? My older sister can't make it and well... we have a spare ticket. I can teach you to surf n' stuff, show you all the islands my dad visited when he was in the Navy."

"Oh wow, I... I'd love to!" Pax's four-feet of brush started wafting; he smelled so much sweeter in that moment. He turned to his mother, "Can I, Mum, can I? Pleeese?"

His father had turned away and left in a huff, storming out with a strongly-musky negative scent... but his mother stood solidly behind her boy. Her tail dragged lower thinking about the fallout tonight at home,

but for now she turned her attention to her cub's new friend.

"Now Dean... you'd look after my boy, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, ma'am." Dean stood up straight, keeping his tail respectfully still for his elder.

"You'd keep 'im safe?"

"Absolutely!"

"And you'd make sure he came back with plenty of memories?"

"Yes ma'am."

She smiled.

"Well I think that's a done deal." Her long brush wafted happily, "Dean, you can tell ya' mum to scent me when she has the details. And I'll get the forms filled out and scented for Pax to be off-land."

"I will, Mrs. Marsh. Thank you."

Pax was just bouncin', he could barely contain himself. His tail smelled so much better, and his ears were perkier... and that smile! Paws alive! His mum could scarcely believe her nose.

He waved happily at his friend as he turned to leave, following the trail of his disappointed father to their car... but somehow, that didn't dispel this feel-good feeling.

This was the start of something very special.





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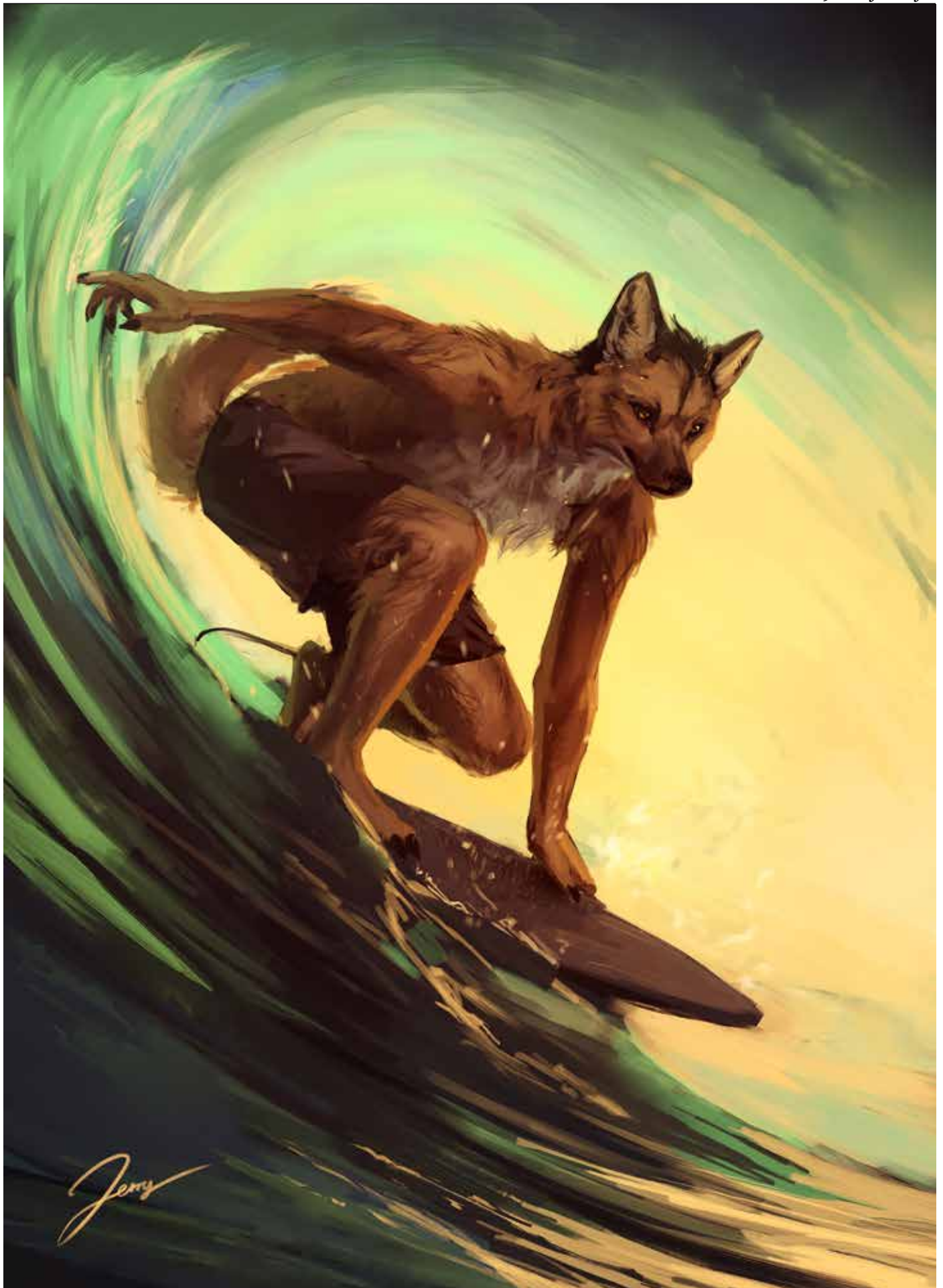
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Anthrocon 2019 Staff

100% Butts

Registration, Programming

Dancer and Nuclear Engineering PhD student.

Akasuki

Art Show

Akasuki is a snow leopard - arctic wolf hybrid who loves people, art, singing, and making people smile. This is her first year at Anthrocon and can't wait to bring her high energy to new people to make laugh and smile.

Alex 'W4rlock' Krumwiede

Security

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Alkali

Programming, Charity

3 kids in a trench coat with a fancy top hat.

Amaruq

Internet

Hmm, wha.. Time to wake up for another Anthrocon? Go find the charity auction table and events.

Amber Folf

Art Show

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Andy Oxenreider

Photography

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Angelus the Merciful

Security

Hello! I'm a Process Engineer from Indiana. I became a furry officially just a few years ago but have always liked cartoon animals, as I used to call them. Nowadays I play music and dream of performing a main set at a con. Enjoy AC!

Anita Muth

Artist's Alley/Con Store

Mother of the Leopard. I mean Cheeta. I mean White Mage. ???

Anne Passovoy

Security

Dorsai Grandma

Arrow Quivershaft

Programming

An IT bird who's been working with AC for a long, long time.

Astor

Artist's Alley/Con Store

Been going to Anthrocon so long I've actually earned being a dinosaur by this point. Bribeable with jelly beans. May produce Dad Jokes. Part time zebra. Game Grumps fan. Car Nerd. Don't sweat the small stuff. Bigger is better. Rawr.

AvWuff

Audio/Visual

Av has been bottling fursuit juice at Anthrocon since nineteen-ought-six. Back in the golden days, a bottle sold for 6 farthings, but today a mere nickel will have you sporting a lustrous shine.

B. Gabriel Helou, DI

Security

Gabe has learned, after several decades of volunteering at conventions, that surviving the weekend depends on "keeping it together." He knows you can't be loose and haphazardly slack -- you've got to be carefully taut.

Ben "Blithe" C.

Operations

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WPAFW is an annual festival and fundraiser just north of Pittsburgh, PA! Food, beer, events, and fun, all in one cool, rustic location. Check out www.wpafw.org for more info!

BGS

Programming

Holy cat, is it really BGS's tenth AC? Tonkinese house cat with a massive penchant for gaming.

Bichre Lee

Operations

Interprefur Extraordinaire

Bonnie Jones

Security

Professional cartographer and part time extra on TV and movies. I'm a long-time convention runner and attendee. I find the furies sweet and fun to be around.

Boozy Badger

Programming

Boozy is a badger. He does entertaining things and laws. That's it.

Brent Smart

Security

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Brian Harris

Director (Charity)

Originally from western NY, active in the community since 1992, now resides in metro DC. As a college student, helped found Anthrocon, and has since been Charity Director for 23 years, with stints as Masquerade Director, and DJ'd at multiple conventions.

Brianne

Security

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

BrotherEnvy

Security

I'm an accountant who likes to take a vacations every year from his job of working in a hotel/convention center to go and work in a hotel/convention center...d'oh!



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Derek Long

Security

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Derilka (Deh-ril-ka)

Art Show

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

dester'edra

Security, Art Show

Free time is overrated.

Dodger

Charity

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Donna Long

Security

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Draggor

Programming

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

dryw

Art Show

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Dys

Registration

Fennec-coyote, adventurer, trouble-maker, stupid idiot, yinzer, paramedic. May or may not just be three coyotes in a trenchcoat.

Echoic Wolf

Art Show

Art show is love, art show is life.

Eleanor Troup

Security

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Elrond

Security

Elrond has been an active artist in the fandom since 2009, specializing in feral fantasy works done with traditional media. Today she publishes her fiction as Goldeen Ogawa, and

when not working security can be found at her dealer's table.

Eric Long

Security

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Erika 'Lexy' Grabowski

Operations, Technology

This is Lexy's 3rd year as a member of Anthrocon staff and she loves working the con more and more every year. When she's not prepping for the con, she streams Pokemon and other video games on her Twitch channel: <https://www.twitch.tv/sharklexy>.

Erin Masters

Artist's Alley/Con Store

Erin is a gamer, musician, furry, and student. In her free time, she can often be found practicing piano or playing games with her friends.

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Fallengreywolf

Programming

Do you want gryphons? Cause this is how you get gryphons.

Fiend

VIP Relations, Programming

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

FIRE FOX

Registration

Not much to tell. Just your average gray muzzle with several fursuits (FIRE FOX, B and W HUSKY, K9 HUSKY, HELL WOLF). And yes I am the one who has the "SUIT and TIE" made of fur. A real "fur suit."

Fizz Otter

Audio/Visual

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Gabi

Registration, Art Show

Gabi is an All Purpose Fox. This means she is able to answer any question (accuracy of the answer is not guaranteed). She also holds the title of Tea Girl, which she honors by offering tea - and cookies - to those who find her at the right time. She can also help you get your con stuff in English or in Spanish. You may recognize her by her fox hat, or perhaps by her camera.

Galen

Logistics

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Gamma Ray Wolf

Show Office

No more counting dollars. We'll be counting stars.

Genepi

Registration

Likes hugs! <3

GenTalon

Director (Audio/Visual)

Just an otter hoping everyone has fun.

Giza (Douglas Muth)

Technology

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Glelin Scaleskin

Art Show

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Glen "Swift Fox" Rockhill

Programming, VIP Relations

Swift Fox has been staffing at Anthrocon since it moved to Pittsburgh in 2006. In 2010, he took on the responsibility of the Tabletop Gaming Track. In 2016, Swift extended his services to the VIP Relations Team. He is a Furry Event Organizer in the Pittsburgh Area and avid fursuiter.

Gooch DI

Security

Origin point of the Migration Tags.

Grandma Kage

Operations

The chairman's mother. Don't mess with her. You're not so big that she can't stand on a chair and take you out with a broom.

Greyse

Art Show, Publications

This is my 12th year on staff in the art show and I'm delighted to be returning yet again.

GrmRepr

Programming

This furry-related article is a stub. You can help Anthrocon by expanding it.

Haybuck

Operations, Technology

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Heathyr Lamb, DI

Security

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

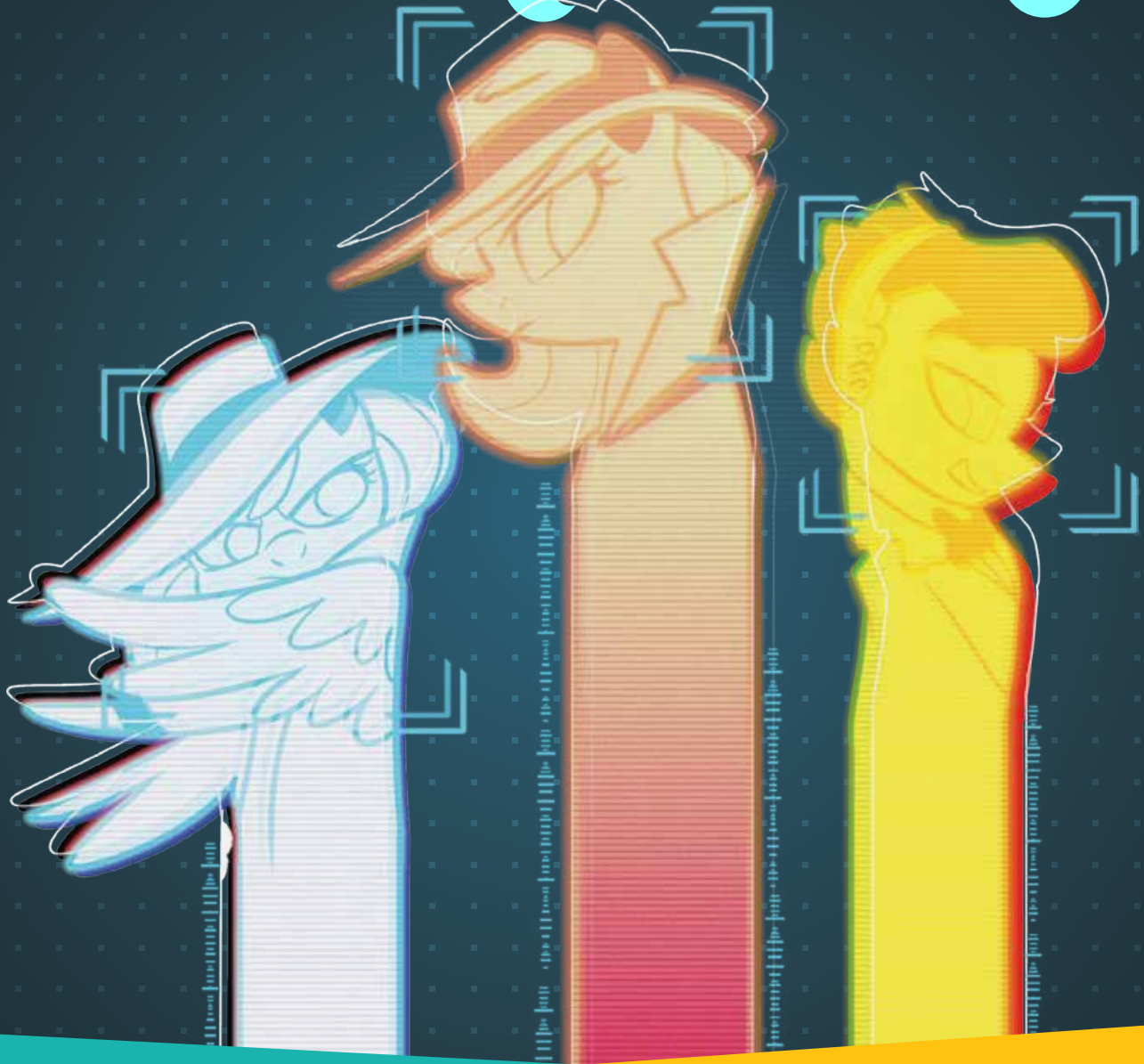
Hengstolf

Programming

Returning yet again and excited to be back for another great year. This horse/wolf can be found wherever fursuiters are. Mainly at the tag table or headless zones.



BronyCon



BALTIMORE // AUGUST 1-4, 2019
TICKETS & INFO BRONYCON.ORG

theme so much this year! Excited to be back serving Anthrocon and guests of all levels for another year in Pittsburgh.

Kokuei

Artist's Alley/Con Store

Kokuei is a yellow/red fire wolf. You will see him roaming around Artists Alley/Con Store. However if you really need to find Kuei, an offering of sushi is sure to summon him. Now excuse me I must..... Oooo sushi.
noms

Kyle Skyrender

Logistics

What's that up in the air? Is it a bird? Is it a...oh wait no it is a bird. Why does it look like it's going to impale me on a spike? Why? Because that is what a shrike does! Don't worry though because its just Anthrocon's Logistics director having a look over Anthrocon's STUFF! Once again this shrike migrates to Pittsburgh and with the help of his awesome staff makes sure the con is set up for YOU! Just ignore the blood-thirsty look in his eyes...if you dare!

Lady Riesling aka Nancilee Jones

Registration

A Dragon Rider Werewolf (Zephyr) who transforms into a golden tiger named after her favorite wine. In real life she is a daredevil who loves riding roller coasters and skydiving. The sky is her playground and puffy white clouds are her friends. She loves exploring old abandoned buildings and amusement parks. She is passionate about being an Entertainer, DJ, Emcee and Game Show Hostess. Putting smiles on faces is her motto. The love of her life is Sir Grrr, a white Weretiger. They are celebrating 38 years.

Laura Pearson

Security

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Lauren Hayden

Operations

Interprefur Extraordinaire

Lifrin

Logistics

[illegible]

**Look mom I'm in the con
book!!!!**

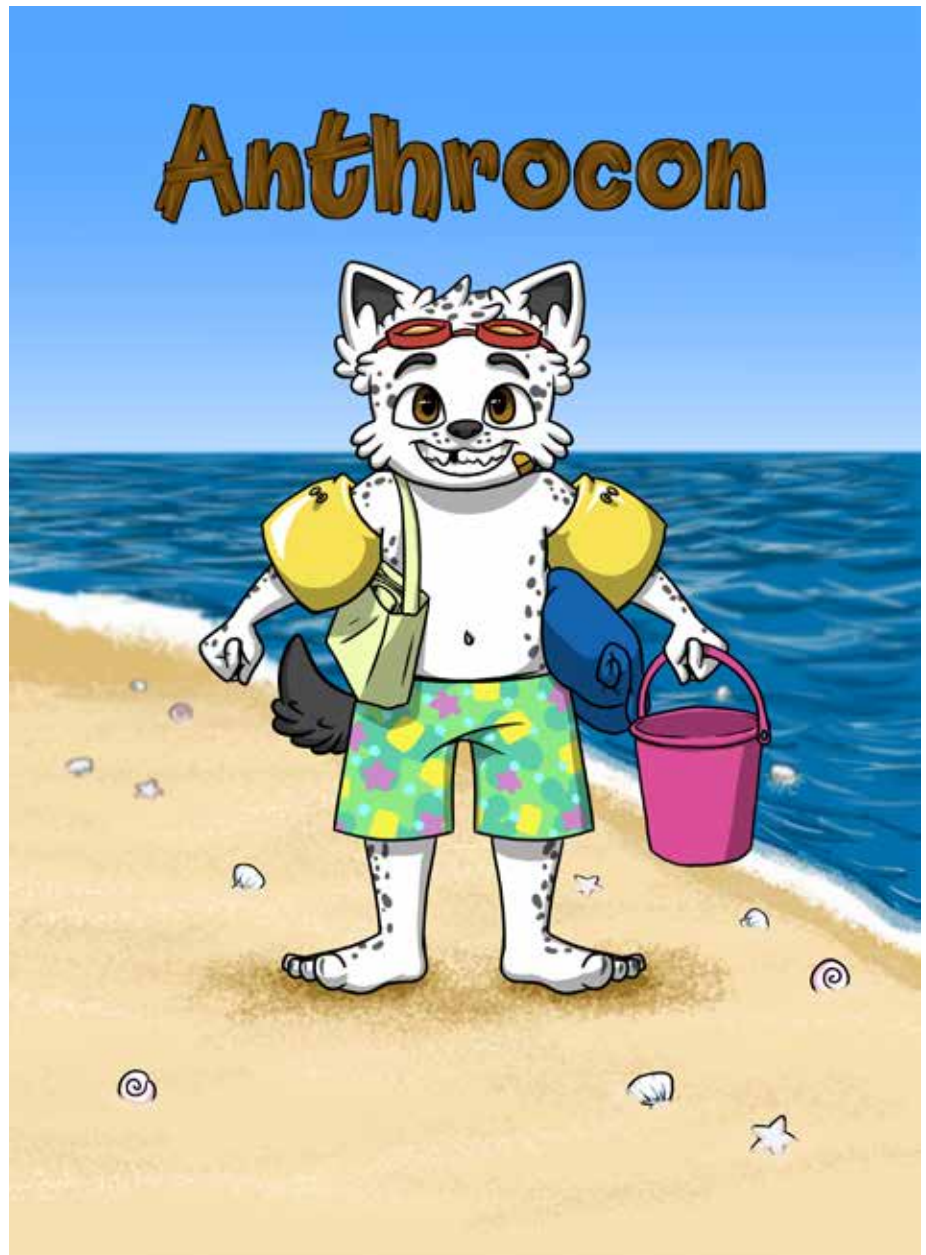
Operations

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Luca Shoal

Programming

Luca is a kitsune that cooks for a living and plays with video game stuff at cons. Please apply pats and food or drink at your discretion. Drink more water. **"IF THE CON BANS ME FOR HOLLERING AT THE SUITERS I WILL FACE GOD AND WALK BACKWARDS INTO HECK!"**



Lynn Harris

Charity

Enjoys furry hugs!

Maci

Audio/Visual

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Makoto

Art Show

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Marauder

Art Show

This is Marauder's 14th Anthrocon and his eighth year on staff. A black Labrador Retriever dog who wouldn't miss this con for the world, he was born and raised in southeast Oklahoma and graduated from Oklahoma State University in 2003. He also loves baseball, music, anything Sonic the Hedgehog related, and spends his free time playing at home with his dogs, Taffy and Buddy. He also enjoys roleplaying online with his best friend, Joey Gatorman.

Marc "Capt. Roo" Wartenberg

Publications

This Roo makes his home just outside Philly in NJ. I have been on the publications team for several years now and enjoy the work! I am happy to be able to give back to the fandom by volunteering my time. Feel free to say hi, I won't bite or kick! I am a

ChiROOpractor by trade and love to take care of my furry friends! See ya all around the con!

Mary Capaldi "Moth Monarch"

Publications

Artist responsible for the Friends of Anthrocon, large format street signage, and other creative shenanigans making AC more colorful and welcoming to attendees and the public alike. Raises moths and yells about bugs. Subsists primarily on black coffee.

Matt Wardle

Programming

Scrapper is a local to Pittsburgh, and has been attending Anthrocon since 2009. He and his partner ScratchKitty are also avid cosplayers focusing on characters in the gaming fandom.

Mel White

Security

A.K.A. "Mama Mel" - one of the Dor-sai Irregulars and a regular troublemaker of many stripes. She's currently working on a new DUNCAN AND MALLORY book.

Mercury

Operations

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Michael "Lunos" Friesen

Art Show

Lunos has been attending Anthrocon since 2009. He likes art, tropes,

RPGs, bimeo james, and other non-sense. Keep a look out for his fursuit character, Calias, who is a saber-tooth, not a sergal, dangit!

Michael C Garrison

Security

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

MiltoniusPrime

Programming

E	_____0_____
B	_____0_0_0_0_2_2_0_____
G	_____1_____
D	_____2_2_____
A	_____
E	_____

mooncat

Art Show

South Jersey resident. Collector of too many things. Gamer. Geek. Whovian. Chelioness, sometimes sabretoothed. Also very shy. Easily distracted...oooh, shiny!

Morgain Yarn Tiger

Operations

Morgain is having to take a break from playing with yarn to help everyone navigate the con and have fun. You should give her cookies.

Nemet

Dealers Room

Nemet has been across the Pacific, but has not surfed upon it.

Nepal Plush

Logistics

Nepal has worked for the con since 2011 in Logistics. When he isn't busy with staff duties, he can be seen running around in the con as a big plush snow leopard with a green scarf. Please come up and ask for hugs.

Nicona Shadowwolf

Director (Registration)

Director of Registration going on 4 years now. Attending since 2009, staff since 2010. Please, send help! They will not let me go! NO, WAIT! I am not typing anythuzhfbj k

Oddy

Audio/Visual

I make loud noises and bright lights.



Osee DeSantis

VIP Relations, Programming

Osee is a veteran convention staffer having served 9 years as Anthrocon's VIP Relations Manager. When Osee is not assisting convention Guests of Honor he can be found on stage or behind the microphone in pursuit of his passion for acting and voiceover in his hometown of Omaha. Osee is also a member of the United States Army National Guard and sends a salute to all MilFurs in attendance.

Oz Tigah

Operations

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Panzier

Internet

And the road travels onwards! Anthrocon is a wonderful institution of Pittsburgh, be kind to each other, make a friend and come have a good time. It seems as if I've been staffing forever but each year is as fresh as a new day! I'm a big fan of arts and

technology as well as enjoying hobbies with fixing and fabricating!

Paradox Red Wolf

Audio/Visual, Technology
tytuping wih pawqs is haardf

Peter J Tivol

Registration

A large mooing object that is usually found at Registration.

PeterCat

Director (Art Show)

Intrigued by the late-80s CBS-TV series "Beauty and the Beast," PeterCat discovered science fiction conventions and began helping out at art shows. He volunteered for the first Albany AnthroCon in 1997 and has been Art Show Director since 1998. Using the professional name Peter Katt, is a freelance voice artist (peterkattvoice.com). He welcomes hugs from fursuiters so don't be shy!

Phoenician

Show Office

Do you have the time, to listen to me bark, about nothing and everything all at once? I am one of those imaginary fools, floofy to the bone no doubt about it.

protocollie

Programming, Audio/Visual
iddqd

Quotation Marks

Programming

Quotation Marks (aka QM) is an otter. She organizes things and makes stuff. Squeak, squeak!

Rakedu

Operations

Hi! I'm a tiger from Michigan. If you see me, you should totally come say hi, I'm friendly!
The secret word is legerdmain.

Randorn Canis

Registration

flails It was broken before Randy



WWW.FURAFFINITY.NET/USER/THYRRE

Tropical Nights

(CHARACTERS OWNED BY DRIXX AND DEMI)



touched it lots. D=

Con piccies at random.com.♥

Raven1841

Audio/Visual

Caw CAW.

Rebekah Webb

Security

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

RebelSquirl

Registration

Rebel has attended Anthrocon since 2000, has been a member of the Registration staff since 2011, and an Asst. Director for the past three years. He hopes everyone enjoys the convention this year, and looks forward to seeing all y'all!

Reese

Logistics

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Rene Gobeyn

Security

This is one of those stories that ends with "Everybody is out of the hospital, but we need help posting bail."

Riverton Otter

Artist's Alley/Con Store

I'm an otter doing what otters do along the big river in Florida. 14 year veteran of Anthrocon and I'm glad to be serving as staff.

Robert "Harbinger" Palmer

Security

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Robert Earl

Security

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Ronnie

Programming, Logistics,

VIP Relations

Part dragon, Uncle Kage's handler, loveable ball o' fun, and does-all-the-things. All noodles.

Rooth

Dealers Room

Rooth, AKA Rooth'ragon or Rooth'roo, has been a community member since 1990. He attended and volunteered at many conventions over the decades, including his first visit to AC in 2006 and every AC since. He loves deserts, artwork, and costumes. He lives in beautiful Colorado, where he works as a IT guy. Find him supporting an awesome team of Dealers Staff wearing his signature white dragon tail with the blue feathery mane.

Rukario

Programming, Registration

Working for the legalization of awooooooo for for all wolves world wide, Rukario believes in spreading good cheer and hugs to all that he meets.

Ryuusin Ackaneru

Programming

Big purple nine tailed dragon kit-sune, who helps run various programming events backstage, primarily in the main ballroom in the DLCC and stage area in the Westin.

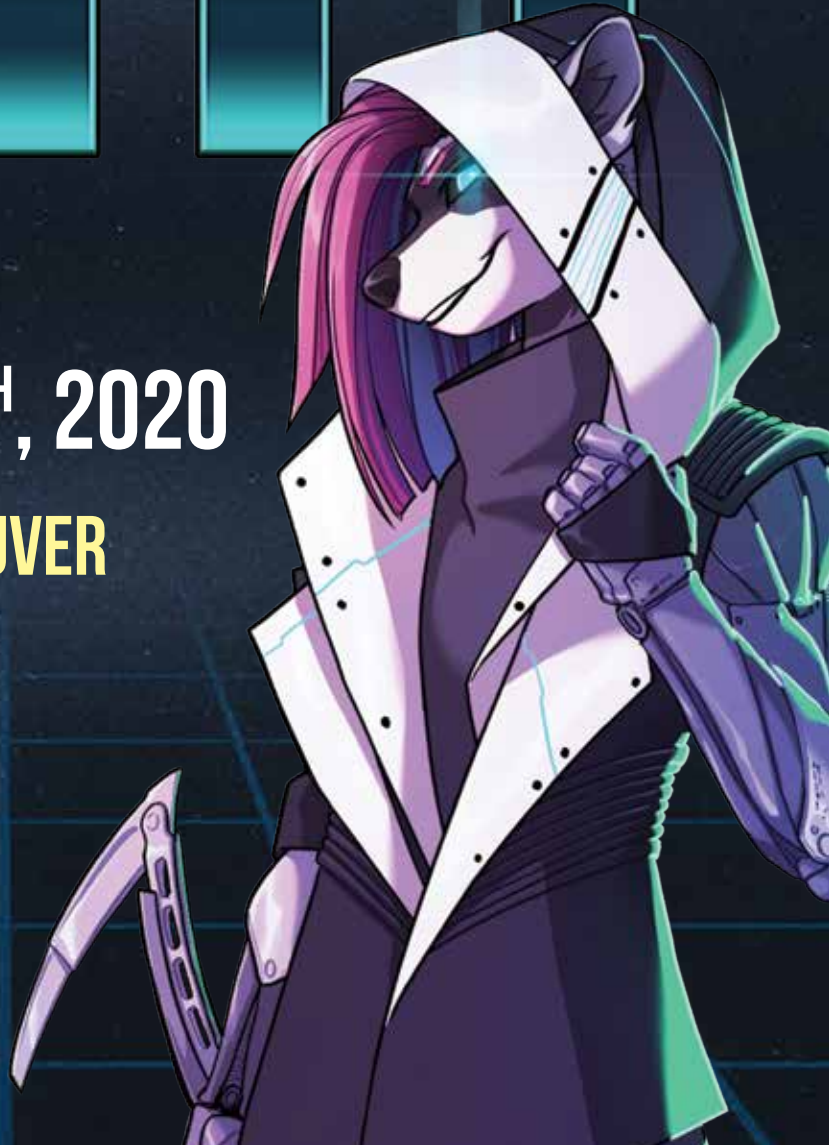


VANCOUFUR
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Neon
CITY

MARCH 5TH-8TH, 2020

SHERATON VANCOUVER
GUILDFORD HOTEL
SURREY, BC, CANADA



ART BY CHE - TWITTER: @CHEBITZ

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Spikeo

Audio/Visual

#ThisIsHowRecordingWorks

Sprocket

Operations

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

SteelTheWarrior

Programming

Being an avid con-goer (one might even say a con-essior!), SteelTheWarrior has been running various amounts of gaming at cons since 2003 and is excited to bring several of his home-made systems to you for a weekend full of roleplaying fun! Stop on by!

Steven C. Simmons

Security

Steve Simmons has been working Anthrocon since 2003. He still hasn't figured out what his fursona is. That used to bother him; now he's kind of gotten used to it.

“Stormy” aka Tracey Bealer

Charity

Surf's Up My Dudes!

Sylvia Ice

Programming

A three-tailed ice wolf who helps run Anthrocon Tonight behind the scenes.

Tane

Audio/Visual

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Tango

Security

Master of Werewolf Management, Herder of Cats.

Teej

Security

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

TerkWolf

Audio/Visual

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

The Foxish

Dealers Room

Another year, another con, another department store of the fuzzy variety that needs lots of love and affection (and percussive maintenance sometimes) to keep going. The Foxish brings his game face around once more to provide you with STUFF and THINGS. Please bring him caffeine and meat-snacks. He is so hungry. *sad bunny face*

Thomas Muth

Artist's Alley/Con Store

Father of the Leopard. I mean Cheetah. I mean White Mage. ???

Thorfax

Registration

Lying was invented in 1912 by John Lie, who tried to sit twice at the same time.

Threach

Artist's Alley/Con Store

I tell bad jokes and worse puns.

Tibeius

Operations

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Tigerwolf

Director (Internet)

Tigerwolf has been doing Internet Dens and Internet/communications related staff duties at furry conventions since 1993.

TimeSuppression

Audio/Visual



Tina Klein-Lebbink

Security

I'm excited to be coming back to Anthrocon as I have been attending since, um..damn, I ran out of fingers. If you're a birder and see a bald (female) Dorsai stop and say "Hello!"

Tora

Security

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Travis Edwards

Programming

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Trevor Boyd

Charity

Just a helpful mutt.

Trianine

Security

A robot's life is hard at a furry con. So much fluff in the gears and servos.

turtyl

Programming

At the forefront of a rising tide of violence brought on by Galbadia's war declaration is a SeeD cadet named turtyl. Serious to a fault, turtyl has earned themselves the reputation of being a lone turtle. A chance encounter with the free-spirited Rinoa Heartilly, however, turns their universe upside down... Yet there is no time to ponder... for the job of dealing with the sorceress behind Galbadia's irrational hostility has fallen to SeeD and turtyl...

Uncle Kage

CEO

Operations, VIP Relations

Chairman of the convention since 1999, when Anthrocon, Inc. was registered as a Pennsylvania nonprofit.

Ursula Vernon

Security

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.

Valrejn

Audio/Visual

Pay no attention to the dragon behind the curtain.

Veyote

Programming

Assistant dance coordinator coyote. Yapyap!

Waylon 'Ashe' Darosh

Director (Programming)

Ashe has lost count of how many years he's worked for Anthrocon, but he's still here. With the help of an amazing team, he runs the Program-

ming Department attempting to provide you, the attendee, with the best experience possible. If you encounter him in the wild, he accepts cookies as bribes.

Weisen

Operations

Just a cherry red wolf.

Witchiebunny

Dealers Room

A little purple bunny.

Xacarith

Registration, Art Show,

Artist's Alley

I just help out.

XydexxUnicorn

Charity

@XydexxUnicorn on Twitter. Be good, have fun.

Yappy Fox

Programming

Having been to every single Anthrocon since #1 in 1997, he has been

leading the fursuit parade banging on the noisy cymbal every year.

Ysera She'nai

Acting Director (Publications)

Healing valid in the continental United States only. Void where prohibited. Some restrictions apply. Standing in fire voids healing warranty.

Zylos

Audio/Visual

This staff member was too busy to write a bio.





LINES: SHON_HOWELL | COLORS: SAMOHT-LION | SAMOHTLION@GMAIL.COM

Cubes and Stars

Fere N. Ermelis

“Where’s the cruise ship, Cory?”

As they drove closer to the dock, Lee became all the more insistent.

“Where is it, Cory? All I see are like, industrial boats and tankers.”

Still his boyfriend didn’t reveal the surprise.

“Paws alive, Cory, where’s the ship?”

The fox finally parked the car in some shabby lookin’ car park about a stone’s throw from the roots of the breakwaters, the offices, jetties and hulkin’ great container ships. He relaxed in his seat and pointed a paw forward.

“There she is!” He beamed proudly, “The VSC Caudate taking

dried meat, electronics and paint to the other side of the world... oh, and you and me too!”

Cory’s giggled end to that sentence was not met with equal enthusiasm by Lee who was stuck in a consternated stare out the front of their car, his jaw dropping and his ears pinning in disbelief.

“A month of just you, me and the sea!” The fox got out and breathed deep, inhaling stale airs of brine, dead fish and rusting iron, his eyes keen and excited on the huge ship before them.

“A month?! On that?”

“Yep. Well, once we get to New Zealand, we’ll have more time on land, before we fly back.”

“Paws alive, baby, wh... when I said I wanted to get away

from things, this isn’t exactly what I had in mind!” Lee padded around to the boot of the car and unloaded their two suitcases, his golden eyes wide and lingering with dread on the paint-peeled, cold and skyscraper-high hull of their quote-unquote ‘cruise ship’.

But Cory was already bounding over to the huge ropes and chains that held the container ship steady whilst in port, marveling at its size and waving like a schoolcub at the workers already aboard.

“This is such an old man thing to do... paws alive!” The Alsatian huffed exhaustedly, “It’s like we’re train spotters or something. You really weren’t kiddin’ when you said you loved boats.”

“This isn’t a boat, sweetie,



it's a ship and..." Cory turned tail and was faced with his boyfriend's less-than-impressed muzzle; his tail drooped and his ears pinned as he padded solemnly with him towards the rope walk. "I'll... I'll uh, shut up now."

There was an instant droop in poor Cory's tail, realizing that this 'surprise' wasn't exactly being met with as much enthusiasm as he'd hoped. He felt the rich, angry waft of his boyfriend's scent strike at his very heart.

"I uh... I did it all for you, ya' know." He murmured shyly as they made their way up the 'walk', thoroughly chastised by nothing more than olfaction. "I know you wanted to see the world."

"Right... but slummin' it wasn't exactly how I wanted to do it."

"You're mad at me." The fox replied, his ears pinned and guilty.

"I'm..." Lee sighed deeply to punctuate his chagrin. "I'm not mad at you, Cory, I... look, let's just get onboard and get this over with."

That wasn't exactly what his

boyfriend had wanted to hear. He still smelled real ticked-off too.

"But hey..." Cory bounded over the first deck, his 'long-suffering' mate trailing with the two cases in paw, "...we still get our own private cube, like a self-sufficient container with tail washer, shower and a bed – plus one of the containers has supplies for tourists and crew – jerky, smoked meats, grasses, dried bugs, salted chocolate."

Cory was trying his best to perk-up his mate as they got settled; but nothing seemed to work.

"I feel like a part of some giant tetris game!" Lee exclaimed as he was met with endless walls of containers as far as the eye could see and the nose could smell.

His boyfriend managed to chuckle at the observation, but it was obvious that Lee still wasn't in the mood! The gruff and no-nonsense Alsatian owned a security company and was looking to get away from the darkness, the industrial and the clinical for a few weeks. His boyfriend of three years, Cory, was a bagger at the

local supermarket with a tail full of dreams. He simply wanted to have fun with his life, explore the vast oceans and the swathe of Vulpinity across the globe.

Cory craved to smell different musks, eat different meats and worms, and feel the wags of a million cosmopolitan tails as they went about their everyday lives. Foreign was fun for Cory. Lee on the other paw just wanted to let his fur down. He had plenty of challenges at work... he didn't need them on holiday.

"How many tourists are there?" Everything was now punctuated with a heavy sigh.

Cory sheepishly showed him the two digits of his right paw.

"Seriously?! It's just you and me and these... these... blue-tail workers?"

"Oh come on, try and relax and have some fun."

Another sigh was Cory's response as they climbed another set of rusty stairs to their cosy 'cabin'. Only time would tell how much of a pain in the tail Lee was going to become.



As they got going, the sun soon made the vast two-tone blue a little more tolerable – it was gorgeous on tired fur and footpaws.

“We’re moving?” Lee hesitated, his muzzle snuffling nervously and his paws gripping the railing that ran the length of the ship on port and starboard, “This is gonna’ take forever.”

And there was another sigh!

“But you’re with me.” Cory murred, nuzzling his mate’s ruff and cuddling his left forepaw.

Lee was kinda’ non-plussed by it all. He was still mad... and Cory knew it.

“Well...” The fox started, “I’m gonna take a jog around the ship, get some sun on my fur and watch these hawt hunks of mid-shipfoxes go about their duty.”

“That would be a military designation, darling. These are just crew.” Lee replied with a conceited frown.

“But I still get to lech, right?”

Cory nudged him again.

Raised eyebrows and a distinctly perturbed, annoyed tail scent was all he got in reply.

“Paws above... whatever, Lee! Be miserable!” The fox put his paws up in ‘surrender’ and huffed with an upsetting break in his voice, before turning tail to pad up to their cube to change.

Much to Lee’s consternation, Cory had already been buggin’ some of the workers on their breaks as they sat on the tops of the containers at the very head of the ship. He’d ask about the effects of salt on their pelts and tails, amongst other nonsensical things. Most found Cory curious... others, a little irritating. Nevertheless, these were paying customers who were here for the duration; so, frustration or not, the crew behaved themselves and indulged the curiosity of their guests.

This semi-domestic arrangement for these guests – especially for so long – was a new concept to the couple after all. They hadn’t moved

in together yet, so Cory was loving being away from his dark and dank home earth... to be above ground for weeks on end was wonderful. Lee on the other paw had a terranean terrace in a southern city of the wolven homeland... but paws alive, he’d wanted away from the hustle and the bustle, the endless sea of workers and sweat. This wasn’t exactly paradise for him right now!

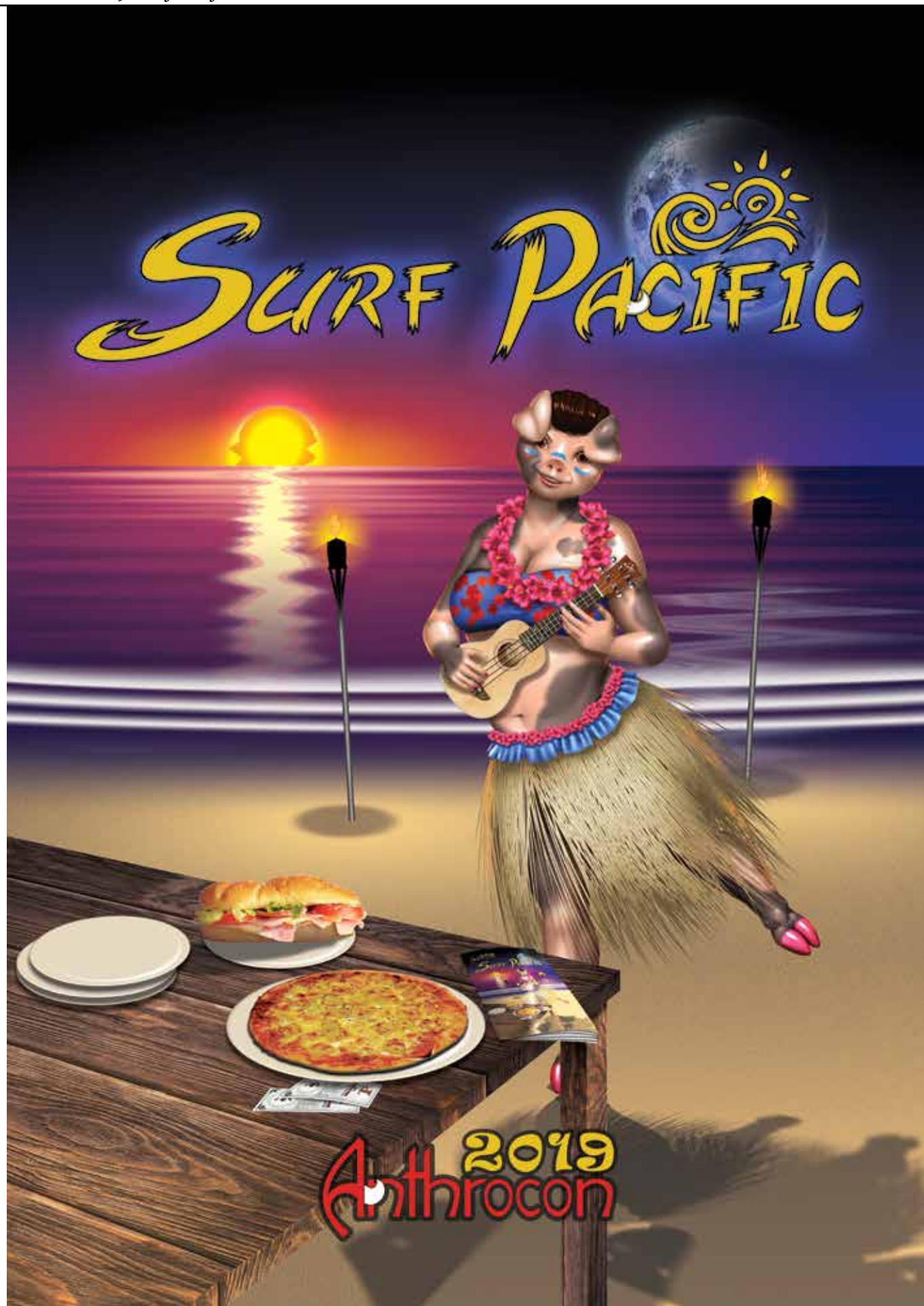
It took all of those first three weeks at sea for Lee to finally mellow; maybe it was because he had little choice but to do precisely that. Cory preferred to see it as his boyfriend was finally ready to enjoy himself. The Alsatian could be seen chillin’ and listening to an old CD player he had brought with him, all whilst lying in the sun atop their own personal container. The corrugated surface and the smells of flaked paint, crusty rust and seawater lulled him to a snooze in the glorious uninterrupted sunshine of mid-Pacific. He had wondered why Cory had deterred him from bringing his iPaw. Duh! No paws-damned internet out here. ‘Course there wasn’t!

It wasn’t until they were out in the centre of this vast puddle, that – in the lulls between storms through which they’d passed – he realized how much of the night sky he could see from the ship. It made so much of a change from work, where he only ever stared up into a vast melamine orange, swathes of light pollution from cities and towns that drowned out galaxies and edges so distant it was tail-boggling.

After a brief dinner of steak, beef broth and sashimi worms, he actually initiated the moonlit walk with Cory. The young fox – who wasn’t the passive-aggressive type no matter the arguments they’d had prior – thought his boyfriend may have had a sudden onset of fever, jokingly taking his temperature by pressing a paw to his forehead.

“Nope, wow... it really is you suggesting this!” He giggled, before taking the Alsatian’s strong, tan-gold





paw and padding away with him to the deck.

In the heat of the night, they padded along the outer deck, looking up to see the stars and the crossing of transpacific flights.

"Heh..." Lee paused and 'spoke' to the skies, "I bet you guys have at-seat service, dry pawpads and a whole bunch o' cool stuff to watch!"

"But isn't this cool?" Cory murred, snuffling his muzzle beneath Lee's.

The gruff dawg was kind of caught off-guard; but he broke into a smile, swathes of char-black and straw-tan glistening as his maw actually tore to happiness. It was a miracle!

"I have to admit... this is pretty awesome." He murred, putting a paw around Cory's slender shoulders, his tail batting then curling lovingly around the fox's musky brush.

They began to pass some of the atolls, including Tikehau and Rangiroa, surfers out on the wave crests like struck, smudged red and black paint on the surface of a huge

drinking glass. There were also smart ocean chalets in the distance, fingers of jetties and boardwalks reaching into the blue.

"Say uh... that looks like fun." Lee murmured, grabbing his boyfriend's attention and pointing out over the ocean, his tail wagging excitedly, "Are we stoppin' anytime soon?"

"French Polynesia I think, hon'... about two-thirds o'the way across. We can't be more than a day or two away."

Sure enough, the massive VSC Caudate docked at Pape'ete on the island of Tahiti, Lee and Cory having the opportunity to disembark and – once they were away from the grubby quay – pad along the white sands and beneath the beautifully picture-postcard palm trees. They'd leave for Auckland in another twenty-four hours, and this was long enough for the pair to see the hustle and bustle of young tail enjoying the sunshine and the surf. Groups of swimsuit-clad foxes and wolves were dashing past to dive into the waves, boards at the ready.

"Salut!" came the call as Lee and Cory parted to make way for a lagging 'yote and his dalmatian pal.

Striking windblown fur and sand-coarsed pelts became like smudges of polychrome oil paint against the ever-blue sky, life that had both substance and the musky smell of contented tail.

"Paws alive I feel like I'm cheatin' on you by watchin' all this!" Lee laughed, coming back by his mate's side and taking his paw firmly, those golden eyes chasing after swiftly disappearing, semi-friends who were already tail-deep in the swash and ready to dive.

"Are you kiddin', I've been checkin' out the tail ever since we left L.A."

And it was then that the Alsatian finally cracked a proper smile.

"Hey, Corz?"

"Hm?"

"Thank you for suggesting this and... like, gettin' it all arranged n' stuff."

"No problem, honey tail!" Cory nuzzled his boyfriend's sun-warmed ruff, fragrant with woods, sweat, clay and salt, "Besides, I knew you'd warm up once we did something real... s'pacific! Get it? Get it?"

The dog just shook his head with a laugh and held his boyfriend's paw tighter.





Join us as we celebrate it! The Ursa Major Awards are the “Peoples’ Choice Awards” for Furry Fandom, our very own Hugo Awards (tm). Every year we honor the best in anthropomorphic movies, tv series, short films, novels, games, comics, and much more.

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